



Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

MAY, 1973





JINX FALKENBURG, on a USO tour, takes a turn at the well named for her by G.I. admirers at Chanyi, China, in 1944. Photo by Larry Kemp.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA



Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer Editor

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **This month's cover** features a photo of a watercolor by Garret Cope, showing a P-40 of the "Our Assam Dragon" 51st Fighter Group shooting down a Japanese plane. The watercolor was actually made from the plane after it was repainted; it had been blackened by smoke from the aircraft it had downed.

● **Reprinting** of the book, "Marsmen in Burma," by the late John Randolph, seems to have run into a snag. The author's widow, Mrs. Ruth Randolph, informs us that less than 100 have thus far placed orders for it. Since a total cost of \$3,500 or more is involved, it would be necessary to sell at least 350 at \$10 to cover the expense of the project. And costs of publication are still going up. If anyone has any idea as to how this book can be made available to those Marsmen who would like to have it, we suggest you contact Mrs. Randolph whose address is Route 1, Box 327, Tomball, Texas 77375.

● **Several readers** have mentioned the article on Calcutta, complete with pictures in color, which appeared in the April issue of National Geographic. Apparently there are plenty of CBIs who still have memories of old Calcutta.

● **Remember** the spring festival of Holi in India, in which red powder and water of various colors are thrown? It's been going on for centuries, and there has been no change. A recent letter from Father R. A. Welfle in Patna, written March 17, ends with this paragraph: "Next Monday is the feast of Holi. Already they have started throwing colored water. Wish you were here to join the fun."

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Chester A. Asher

● Chester A. Asher, Jr., 73, a retired Army colonel, died recently of a heart ailment. He had lived at Penllyn, Pa. Colonel Asher served in both world wars. He was an enlisted man in the infantry in the earlier war and later was commissioned in the Army Reserve. Recalled to active duty in World War II, he served in the CBI theater. He retired from military service in 1950. Between the wars he was associated with Chester A. Asher, Inc., Germantown confectionery firm which had been founded by his father. Survivors include his wife, a son and a daughter.

(From a newspaper clipping submitted by Leo I. Smith, Mantua, N. J.)



VISITING patients of the 24th Station Hospital in Assam, India, in 1944 are Jinx Falkenburg and Pat O'Brien. Photo by J. C. Hebsacker.



INDIAN pedestrian in foreground is silhouetted against lawn of the Queen Victoria Memorial in Calcutta. Photo from Paul Tix.

Aboard the Scott

● In the January 1973 issue of Ex-CBI Roundup there appeared a brief note from Jim Lowman of Santa Ana in sunny California. According to my records, I was on the U.S.S. Gen. Hugh L. Scott during that same trip from Calcutta to New York City. Some of the outfits on board were the 1st Tactical Air Communications, 23rd Fighter Control, 745 Railway Operating, 725 Railway Operating, 427 Night Fighters, Army Airways Communications, and a lot of fellows from the O.S.S. The Scott was a 17,000 ton transport, with a length of 522 ft., 10 7/8 in. The C. O. was Commander Allen Winbeck, U.S.C.G. It had a crew of 400 officers and men and carried 3,154 passengers. Strange to say, just a week before my recent retirement from the Postal Service, I learned that my fellow worker, Gene Schneider, was also on the Scott during that trip. We had worked together for 20 years. What am I doing now? Besides eating and sleeping, I find time to edit a small gazette known as "The Na-

tional Federated Craft News." It is quite a challenge, because all of my knowledge of journalism could be put into a Bull Durham bag, without crowding it.

CLYDE H. COWAN,
Seattle, Wash.

Burma Two-Holer

● Does anyone remember when the boys in deep Burma, anticipating a visit from Movie Actress Ann Sheridan, built a two-holer and then placed a large sign over it reading, "Ann Sheridan Sat Here"?

RAY OSBORNE,
Austin, Texas

Ivan E. Mills

● Ivan E. Mills, 51, of Rock Island, Ill., died March 7 with a heart attack. He served in CBI as a T4 with 721st Railroad Operating Battalion, stationed at Parbatipur, Bengal, India.

W. R. SIEGMUND,
Blue Island, Ill.

330 Engineers

● Was a member of the 330 Engineers on the Ledo Road construction 1943-45, and would like to convey my best wishes to all former members of that regiment.

COL. C. L. LYLE,
St. Petersburg, Fla.



Ready to cut the ribbon opening the Ledo Road at Kunming, China, in February, 1945, are Lt. Gen. Lewis A. Pick, who supervised building the road. He is shown in center of picture with Andre Kostelanetz and Lily Pons, who were among American celebrities present for the occasion. Photo from Dottie Yuen Leuba.

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Invasion of Dayton

● Several members of the historic Seventh Bomb Group invaded the heavy fortifications of the Holiday Inn (south) on March 31. The occasion was the Department of Ohio dinner/meeting that was held at the Willows Lodge in Dayton, Ohio. Gladiators of the 24-s on hand were Colonel Norman Collard, Cincinnati, Ohio; Alfred Frankel, Plymouth Meeting, Pa.; Edward De Capita, Avon Lake, Ohio; and National Commander of the CBIVA, Reg C. Jones of Houston, Texas. Plunder taken by the invaders included an array of precious memories and the re-kindling of friendships which have mellowed over the years. Jones and DeCapita had the privilege of flying as crew mates on ten missions of great importance. It is said that the Seventh holds the distinction of flying the most tonnage over the Hump at any given time. Others have said that the Seventh was the Allied Van Lines of the Himalayas, hauling house furnishings to the Generalissimo of China. Note: It would be interesting to the Ex-CBI Roundup readers, if a member of the Seventh Bombardment Group would give us a read-out on the exploits in the CBI.

RICHARD H. POPPE,
Loveland, Ohio

Returns to China

● As an ex-CBIer, I have been a subscriber to your magazine for a number of years. I thought it would be of interest to you to know that next week, April 14, I am going with a group of 20 people to visit People's China for a three week tour. I am bringing along with me some back issues of Ex-CBI Roundup for the Peking library. When I get back I will write some comments that may be of interest to your

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readers. Last year I returned for a two week stay in India visiting Calcutta and Delhi where I served during the war. I was in the Signal Corps.

HAROLD LEVENTHAL,
New York, N. Y.

Otto H. Reiss

● My father, Otto H. Reiss, 75, passed away January 25, 1973, in Concord, Mass. He was a veteran of four wars having served with the U. S. Cavalry during the Mexican Border Expedition, with the U. S. Army Air Force in both World Wars and with the U. S. Air Force in the Korean Conflict. He spent time in the CBI theater during World War II, and retired from the service as a Chief Warrant Officer.

MRS. JOHN O'TOOLE,
Acushnet, Mass.

J. S. Michael

● Oilman and sportsman James Sparks Michael, Houston, Tex., died March 15, 1973, at the age of 59. He was president of J. S. Michael Co., oil exploration and production, and until last year had owned the Houston Poster Advertising Co. Michael attended Culver Military Academy, Rice University and Texas A&M. He devoted much time to yachting and in support of philanthropies aiding young people. He entered the Army Air Corps as a private in 1939; was a lieutenant colonel and night fighter squadron commander in the CBI theater in 1945 at the end of the war. Survivors include his wife, Fran Knowles Michael; a son, Thomas, and his mother.

(From newspaper clippings submitted by several Roundup readers.)



HOLY MAN and his friends pose for photographer at Karachi. Photo from Milton Klein.

Life With Goddess of Mercy

By E. M. NIGHTINGALE

The headquarters for liaison personnel with the Eighth Army in 1944 lay a few miles outside of Paoshan. It was a monastery dedicated to Kuan Yin, the Buddhist Goddess of Mercy. The priests were long gone, but their building of stone and stained timber belied its two hundred years. Weeds now grew on the grey tile roof, and some of the statues showed cracks, but the general impression was one of vigorous old age, not hopeless decay.

Steep, brushy hills pressed down on three sides, and the Paoshan Valley lay over a grey plaster spirit wall in the near distance. Rice paddies carved the landscape into one vast checkerboard broken here and there by tree lined streams and small villages. It made a peaceful, lazy scene ideal for contemplating the infinite.

The temple's residents consisted of about twenty American officers and enlisted men with interpreters plus a motley assortment of native servants and guards. These last had never had it so good. Not only was the food the best they had ever eaten, but other pickings were equally satisfactory. The old Latin saw of *Quis custodiet custodes?* definitely applied here.

I sat on the entrance steps my first morning there and got acquainted with Chen Fu, my newly assigned interpreter. "I hear you're from Foochow."

"Yes, but I've lived in Peiping for several years. We're a Fukienese family, though. That is, Fukien and Formosa. I've a cousin married to a lieutenant in the Japanese Navy."

"How'd you happen to get this job?"

"Oh, the Nationalist Government asked for student volunteers to be interpreters, so I signed up. It's not hard to escape from Occupied China." He smiled. "I think, maybe, the Japs were glad to see the last of us. Students have always been trouble makers."

He was much huskier than the average Chinese, and I was to learn that he took nothing from anybody. Although he had never been out of Chi-

na, he talked and thought like an American college student.

While we talked, a couple of soldiers slouched by in faded green cotton uniforms and straw sandals, their Enfield rifles slung negligently over their shoulders.

Chen watched them disappear down the red clay track. "You know, Captain, I didn't realize such conditions existed until I joined the Chinese Army?" His eyes flashed. "If I were commanding it, I'd shoot seventy-five percent of the damned officers and fifty percent of the enlisted men."

"Why?"

"Because they're lazy and don't give a damn. Too many of the officers are in the Army only because it makes —What do you call it?—a good thing. They keep too much money and starve their men. You know, the first battalion I was assigned to the men only got one meal a day? And the mules practically nothing! How in hell can you win a war that way?"

A neatly dressed civilian came out of the temple and lit a stick of incense at the shrine near us which resembled a doll's house on a pedestal.

Chen replied to my question. "He's the temple caretaker. He used to be in the Chinese Navy."



TEMPLE of Kuan Yin near Paoshan that was headquarters for American liaison personnel prior to and during the Burma Road Campaign of 1944.

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"He's a long way from the ocean."
 "Oh, I think he never saw the ocean. We had Navy people along during the Burma Campaign."

"What on earth for?"

Chen grinned. "They have water there. He was in something called, maybe, the Irrawaddy River Barge Flotilla."

I remembered I hadn't seen much of the temple and asked him to guide me.

We crossed a flagged courtyard where solemn chants had yielded to the blarings of Tin Pan Alley. Mounting walled steps, we reached a second, more important enclosure which the radio failed to penetrate and where a deep silence reigned.

A thirty foot high statue of Kuan Yin stood here at the rear of a narrow, raftered room. She wore a golden robe and headdress, had a sea of cavorting dragons at her feet, and serenely viewed the countryside below with a secretive smile. Instead of two hands, she had dozens. Each held a different object such as a cross or flag, and each had an eye in the center of its palm.

Her sculptor was evidently a practical fellow. After attaching forty-eight arms to the figure, he carved a large disk of them and placed it behind her back. The effect was more or less the same.

Two plaster men stood on her right, and an older man and woman on her left beside a fierce looking gent in a purple mask.

"Who are they?"

"Her brothers and parents. The tough guy is the temple guardian." Fang frowned at them. "I don't remember their names. This is pretty complicated stuff. Maybe, she's supposed to feel at home."

An adjacent shrine contained two sisters. Kuan Yin would never be lonely. She was also the Goddess of Peace, and I wondered what she thought of this armed intruder from a foreign land.

My attention moved to the black and white wall painting of a fat and jolly little man perched on a tree branch. Beneath him, a water buffalo looked up with a strictly evil expression.

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Fang studied the characters flanking the picture to at last admit. "I can't read them. It's Classical Chinese."

Other educated interpreters were to later make the same confession. The characters were the same as those in everyday use, but their meaning was different.

Human relationships also made the temple an interesting place in which to live. The affair of the British chaplain is one example.

He and his wife were a very austere, circumspect couple from Paoshan whose normal expressions indicated a disapproval of all mankind. Unfortunately, an officer at the temple asked them up for dinner during a mental lapse, and they probably accepted the invitation only as one of those necessities for the furtherance of international relations in wartime.

Everything was proper, if not jolly, at first. Then they met the senior Chinese cook.

"Hello, T'an Tsu, how's dinner going to be tonight?" the officer asked.

Came the reply in a ringing falsetto, "Piss poor, goddamn, piss poor!"

Then there was the matter of the overly zealous sentry.

Several of us were risking our pay at the poker table one night in a fog of cigarette smoke. Rain pattered down outside, and the usual audience of kitchen help peered over our shoulders, argued over our hands, and made themselves generally obnoxious. His duty forgotten, the guard stared through an opened window and demanded a running account from a buddy inside. It was all very distracting.

Around eleven, a lieutenant threw down his hand and announced, "Think I'll take a walk to the village. I could do with a bit of exercise."

He wasn't kidding anybody. We knew the village boasted a sad excuse for an in where Jing Pao Juice could be bought.

The game continued to break up at two.

I was almost asleep when a rifle shot made me sit up. A second followed in a minute, then a third. "Prowlers?" I wondered.

I decided to investigate and went below in pajamas to find that several others had the same idea. We opened

the front door just in time to see the guard fire at the black hillside to our right.

"What's the matter?" I asked him in Mandarin.

He yakked away in a strange dialect, raised his rifle and fired once more.

We couldn't see a thing.

Using words he didn't understand, we argued with him to stop the racket while the rain poured down on us. He kept pointing at the hillside as his voice rose nervously over whatever he thought was there.

Somebody finally routed out an interpreter who luckily spoke the needed dialect. When he heard the guard's story, he began to argue, too. It was a waste of breath.

The guard fired again.

"It's this way," the interpreter explained. "He says he'd been hearing things and nearly shot an officer by mistake. The officer pointed out the hillside and told him there was something there."

"In English?" we chorused.

The interpreter threw up his hands: "And signs, but this damn fool says he understood it all. He says the officer ordered him to shoot, and he thinks he's seen it now, too. So he's doing his duty. Anyway, he won't stop until the officer tells him to."

The guard could have been disarmed, but the Chinese command was very touchy about our laying hands on its men. We were soaked and sore by now—and not only at the soldier. It took no brains to guess who the officer had been.

The volunteer who went to haul him back reported, "You couldn't wake that guy with dynamite. He's long gone."

Giving up, we trooped shivering to bed while a fusillade echoed at our backs.

The scoundrel remembered nothing about his actions later. I do know, however, that none of us got to sleep until the guard expended his last round—and he had plenty.

Life with Kuan Yin was never dull. □

Yellow River in China Still Untamed

From The Atlanta Constitution

"There are a hundred calamities in the Yellow River" is an old Chinese saying.

Despite 20 years of preventive effort involving millions of workers and a capital investment of nearly \$2 billion, the Chinese government has not fully tamed the river.

Two unusually frank reports broadcast from the neighboring provinces of Shensi and Shansi, which are divided by the Yellow River, disclose the threat still posed by the river.

The broadcasts mark the 20th anniversary of an inspection tour made by Chairman Mao Tse-Tung, during which he said: "We must do a good job of the Yellow River affair."

A broadcast from Siam, capital of Shensi Province, said that work on the mighty Yellow River had been "very inadequate" and progress was "very far from meeting Chairman Mao's call." It added that Shensi lagged far behind "Fraternal provinces and regions."

Describing the Yellow River as "dan-

gerous," a broadcast from Taiyuan, capital of Shansi Province, said that with the accumulation of silt, the river bed rose and floods caused calamities. It said that the taming of the Yellow River was a "matter of close concern for every commune and brigade in the Yellow River basin," and not just those located along the river and its tributaries.

The English-language service of Hsinhua, the Chinese press agency, has also carried a number of recent reports on the Yellow River, but these have painted a brighter picture than the broadcasts from Shensi and Shansi. The articles recorded progress in reducing silt in the river and in building dikes. Earlier this year a Hsinhua report stated: "The Yellow River, once known as the scourge of China, has been turned into a river beneficial to the people."

The Yellow River, China's second largest after the Yangtze, flows some 3,000 miles from its source in the mountains of Tsinghai through seven other provinces to the Gulf of Chihli. □

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BOOK REVIEWS



COURIER TO PEKING. By June Goodfield. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. January 1973. \$6.95.

A mystery story about one Andrew Tanyard, a remarkable man and a distinguished scientist, chief U.S. representative at the first International Science Conference in Peking early in 1971. Tanyard meets a woman from Sweden, also highly accomplished as a scientist, and some strange things happen. It is not until his plane trip home that he realizes he has been "used" on a trip that was to be strictly non-political.

EARS OF THE JUNGLE. By Pierre Boule. Vanguard. November 1972. \$6.95.

A fantasy-melodrama by the author of "The Bridge Over the River Kwai." The "ears" are sensitive electronic sensors, disguised as scraps of foliage, which American planes scatter over the jungle covering the Ho Chi Minh Trail. They pick up the sounds of night-traveling trucks and feed them to a computer in Thailand, which pinpoints the location of convoys for immediate air strike. Out in the jungle, Madame Ngha, head of North Vietnamese intelligence, is devising counter-measures with the help of primitive tribesmen, a Chinese physicist, and a spy at the Thailand computer headquarters. There's a touch of "Mission Impossible" in his book which seems to be making an effort to provide a look at the Communist viewpoint.

THE CHINA TRADE: Export Paintings, Furniture, Silver and Other Objects. By Carl L. Crossman. Pyne Press. January 1973. \$25.00.

A well-known authority tells of art objects and furnishings imported from China since America entered the China trade in 1785. These items have been receiving increased attention from collectors, antique dealers, art connoisseurs, galleries and museums.

EISENHOWER AS MILITARY COMMANDER. By E. K. G. Sixsmith. Stein & Day. January 1973. \$10.00

An objective account of Ike the general,

not the man, emphasizing his skill at management. The author, who was with the Allied Chiefs of Staff during World War II, seeks to show that it was Ike's understanding of human nature and the effect of national prejudice that enabled him to organize and coordinate the efforts of the Allied Forces so effectively in the defeat of Germany. The author also offers some criticism of Eisenhower in regard to certain decisions.

A CHINA PASSAGE. By John Kenneth Galbraith. Houghton. February 1973. \$6.95.

The well-known Harvard economist tells what he saw, heard and thought during a month-long visit to mainland China in September 1972. He emphasizes the fact that he is not a China expert, but responds to or passes judgment on everything Chinese he experienced, from duck dinner to the Chinese communal organization and economy.

TO PEKING AND BEYOND. By Harrison Salisbury. Quadrangle. March 1973. \$7.95.

A 1972 visit to China by the New York Times editor and well-known author is the basis for this book. Salisbury describes his visits to universities, rural communes, Peking, Shanghai, Wuhan; and reports interviews with officials, steel workers, educators, students, ballerinas, notables. He tells of the "new spirit" of China and presents an interesting picture of the Great Cultural Revolution.

MASSACRE. By Robert Payne. Macmillan. February 1973. \$5.95.

The author spent two months in Bangladesh and India in 1972. In this book he draws on interviews with Indians and Bengalis to tell of the massacre of possibly three million East Pakistanis by Pakistan's army under orders from military dictator Yahya Khan. Payne's partisanship is quite evident, yet he doesn't venture far into political waters. Military elitists are his prime target.

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A Love Affair With India

By AUDREY KENNET
From The Statesman

The first impressions of a country—as of a person—have a vividness which can get blurred by long acquaintance. That is our only excuse for setting down some of our impressions of India; after a first visit lasting three and a half months, in which we saw much but had to leave so much unseen.

When we shake our Santa Claus sack of memories, these come tumbling out at random, great and small, brightly coloured, or shadowed by sadness, but now part of our experience and to be remembered all our lives . . . The sheer enormous size of India—to me, coming from those dots in the ocean, the British Isles. My husband, Russian by birth and upbringing, takes vast distances in his stride: and he is accustomed, too, to differences in language and much greater differences than India's race . . . The pressure of population. It seems that in India a "village" may have up to 10,000 inhabitants; whereas in England we should call that a fair-sized town, and our villages count their populations in hundreds. . . The extraordinary strength of religious feeling, and the fact that it is part of everyday life—as once in Europe, but now no longer. Where else but in India could one hear a long conversation between Custom officials, on their forthcoming pilgrimages? . . . Along with this, the (to us) too great readiness to attribute to "the Will of God" all manner of wrongs and sorrows and ills: thereby absolving people from doing anything to right the wrongs, cure the ills, or even comfort the sorrows. . . The warm outpouring of hospitality, from chance acquaintances as well as from old friends, and exceeding anything we had ever met. The kindness, helpfulness and courtesy shown to us by everyone, everywhere. . .

Architecture

The marvels of architecture and sculpture, ranging over 2,200 years and wonderfully preserved by your Archae-

ological Survey Department, and by communities such as the Jains. We loved the way in which jewels like Khajuraho have been given a beautiful setting of parkland. . . The great contrasts in the management of your wonderful temples. In Somnathpur, Belur and Halebid, and in the Jain temples of Mt. Abu, peace and dignity, a respect for gods and men and a devoted care for the glories of the past. In too many temples, shouting and touting; the importunity of amateur guides; crowds of children and even the unedifying spectacle of beggars; the atmosphere of a bazaar; "priests" snatching rupees from us and from one another. We felt that the founder of Christianity, who threw the money-changers out of the temple at Jerusalem, could have a field-day here. The sense of colour and decoration, so strong among the people that even the poorest wear silver anklets, bright turbans; ornament the horns of their bullocks; paint pictures on the public carrier trucks. Yet this creative exuberance seems to find no echo in the decoration of better-off homes, which ignore the richness of the cultural background and settle for the duller Western conventions.

The remarkable good humour shown in just those conditions of crowding and frustration which are calculated to drive people mad: according to the sociologists, drawing on Western behaviour. Where a European driver will shout and swear at anyone who interferes with his freedom of passage an Indian driver calmly threads his way through the thick texture of bicycles, animals and pedestrians. He blows his horn, not in anger, but in a conversational way. . . This easy-going good-humour also seemed to lead to a too great tolerance of conditions which should be protested against and changed.

Then, servants: to us, a species almost as extinct as the dodo. If a rare survivor can be persuaded to look in for a couple of hours, he or she is cherished; yet still, in independent In-

dia, servants sometimes seem to be regarded as a race apart. A young Indian couple, in Bombay, showed us their modern kitchen; then said, "Do you see that little recess? What do you suppose it is for? For a servant to sleep." No room for a chair or cupboard; barely even for a mattress. "We wouldn't put a dog there," they said; "so we get a servant to come in by the day," and this was in a recently-built apartment block. . .

Family Planning

. . . The Family Planning Campaign: no one passing through the countryside could be unaware of that cleverly simplified, ubiquitous family. We know the message has got through to the educated: a whole roomful of college lecturers announced cheerfully, "We are all on Family Planning; when we've got two or three children, we get operated." But is it making an impact on the poor and ignorant? The strength of family ties: nephews and nieces as dear as sons and daughters; cousins as close as brothers and sisters. Charming to see; but a slight nagging thought remains. Does this very closeness of family feeling somehow prevent a wider sense of brotherhood?

. . . The tragedy of the unemployed—and most poignant, of the educated unemployed, who set out with such hopes and enthusiasms, soon dulled into apathy or sharpened into bitterness. We met several guides who were not only university graduates but post-graduates; and all they could find to do was to hang about hotels and get tips from tourists. The volume of frustration—and the loss of the services of so many gifted people—seemed to us to add up to a situation of personal and national disaster. . . We sensed the passion for education, and greatly admired it. But is there perhaps not too great a concentration on education of the purely academic type—with the result that more economists, sociologists, linguists and others are produced than can possibly be absorbed?

. . . The surprising lack of that handyman, do-it-yourself spirit which characterizes home life in the West. We kept thinking that the poorest family, on the bleakest land, could make itself more comfortable if father would

knock up a few shelves, mend the roof, and patch the broken walls. And if armies of the unemployed could be recruited in Roosevelt's New Deal manner, what a facelift could be given to villages; what a cleaning-up to towns; and what self-respect could be restored to those who feel left out of life! Or does your people's deep rooted sense of an ordered society, this and only this is my job—that is his—militate against a readiness to pitch in and do anything rather than nothing? . . .

. . . The unfailing thrill of seeing the huge bulk of an elephant moving majestically along the road; or the camels lifting their disdainful heads high in the air. Indeed the wealth of animal life everywhere, numerous as the people; the bullocks, cows and water buffaloes; the sheep and goats. . . And not only the domestic animals but those in your Wildlife Sanctuaries; and our happiness that you have woken up just in time to save your heritage. But please take a female tiger from some zoo and let her loose on Mt. Abu, in the hope that she may mate with the last lone male tiger left by the gun of the late Maharaja of Bikaner. . . The Sarras Cranes, the Painted Storks, the Ibis, sacred bird of the Pharaohs, roosting in bare trees at sunset near what is surely the most beautiful hotel in the world—the Lake Palace at Udaipur.

. . . The prettiest crowds imaginable—the schoolgirls of Kelara, most literate and spotless of States; their skirts bright blue, their white blouses and black hair both shining. . . Altogether, the women, so graceful, beautiful, charming—and millions also intelligent and wise. But as human beings they need more appreciation and opportunity, and their country needs their gifts. How can this myth of man's superiority persist in a land led by Mrs. Gandhi? You made a clean sweep of colonialism, and we applauded it. Now make a clean sweep of Victorianism, too. . .

Handicrafts

. . . The continuing traditional handicrafts, which we hope India saves from prostitution by tourists. It is wonderful to see a small boy sitting beside his grandfather, absorbing the in-

tricate patterns of saree-weaving, in the cottages of Kanchipuram; the men with their 200-year-old wood blocks stained with subtle vegetable dyes, placing them with something better than mathematical precision on the cotton cloth at Sanganer, or the village potter turning out shapes which suit the clay, and his neighbours' needs, as well today as for centuries past.

. . . The fascination of your deserted cities: not only the famous, like Amber and Fatehpur Sikri, but the remote half-forgotten places like Mandu and Chittorgarh—from which the side of history has receded, leaving

great monuments stranded, to be explored in peace. . . The life-giving power of water—something which has to be seen to be believed, by people coming from a damp, ever-green climate. . . We saw the strides the country has made in agriculture and in industry. We heard the country had already performed the miracle of exporting precision components to the USA; beer to Germany; and we think the whisky good enough to be exported to Scotland. . . All in all, we have a love affair with India and a great faith in her future. We want to come back. □

How Indians Must Work for Phone Call

The Associated Press

Think you've won the fight in India when you finally get a telephone. Not so. You still have to make the gadget work.

The average Indian—one without priorities enjoyed by doctors, journalists and the like—faces a wait of around a decade to get his permanent phone. Priority people count their wait in fewer years and count themselves lucky.

As of last March, the latest government figures available, there were 341,102 persons waiting for telephones in India, almost 84,000 in Bombay alone. The rest were divided mostly among the New Delhi area, Calcutta and Madras. There are few phones in non-urban areas.

Waiting for a phone is so common that there is a special section in the telephone directory explaining that a wait probably will be required because of "limited availability of exchange equipment and underground telephone cables."

The explanation for why the phones don't work properly is not in the book, but it can be had quickly from the government.

It's the fault of an American contractor, they say, who provided the wrong kind of equipment under a long-term contract. "When we develop the technology for telephone exchanges, the service will get better," one spokesman said.

Maybe so, but a new type of exchange was installed recently in New Delhi, and immediately the service got worse.

At first the exchange was dead for more than 24 hours. Then it became sporadic at best. The caller held a silent receiver to his ear for several minutes before the dial tone sounded.

Shortly thereafter, 5,000 phones in the capital went blank. Officials said monsoon rain seeped into the lines.

Even if the exchange involved isn't a new one, the caller makes his call at his own risk.

One American, after eight months of letters and visits to telephone officials, finally got his telephone. By shouting, he could then make himself heard to somebody in the other side of New Delhi.

On overseas calls it was useless.

During one try, the operator in White Plains, N. Y., who handles calls to the U. S. East Coast, said, not realizing the humor in her remark: "Your telephone is terrible. Why don't you get it fixed?"

After numerous futile visits by technicians to the phone, and a rewiring job that was supposed to fix it, the instrument was still feeble. Another technician came, listened, looked at the wires, jiggled the disconnect buttons, then said:

"You'll have to change your number. None of the numbers on this exchange work." □



From The Statesman

NEW DELHI—The Government is understood to have decided to build four or five fertilizer plants in the public sector with foreign technical assistance.

DELHI—A white tigress, originally of Indian stock but born and bred in Bristol Zoo in the U.K., has been flown to India in exchange for a white tiger from the Delhi Zoo. The Bristol Zoo had been badly in need of a male white tiger as it has too many white tigresses. The first pair of white tigers from India was acquired by the Bristol Zoo in 1963. Since then white tigers have been successfully bred there.

BHUBANESWAR—The Orissa Government has decided to distribute to the landless about 800,000 acres of Government land. Scheduled Tribes and Scheduled Castes were to be given preference in the distribution, and those having less than an acre were to be treated as landless.

TRIVANDRUM—A 29-year-old man known as Thomas of Kuttanad, who murdered his closest friend two years ago, was hanged by the neck at Poojapurra jail. To atone for his crime, Thomas asked to have his blood donated to a blood bank, his eyes to an eye bank, and his corpse handed over to the medical college. In part fulfillment of his first wish, 200 cc. of blood was drawn from his veins before he mounted the gallows. The other two wishes were carried out after his death.

CALCUTTA—Two Burmese crocodiles in the reptile enclosure in the Alipore Zoo went berserk because of extremely hot weather. They were finally lassoed and put into long wooden crates which were then taken to a new enclosure with a moat. The crocodiles dived and splashed in their new home.

NEW DELHI—The tiger is now the national animal of India. The lion, which had held the position for five

years, is ousted. The chairman of the Indian Board for Wild Life, Dr. Karan Singh, told reporters the main reason for changing over from the lion to the tiger as the national animal was that tigers are found in many parts of the country—in about eight states—while lions were confined to only one state, Gujarat.

CALCUTTA—A five-foot seven-inch long cobra, killed by three boys of the Netaji Sangha Defence Party, Dum Dum, was delivered to the reptile section of the Zoological Survey of India. The boys came across the snake in the field while patrolling at 2 a.m., and killed it with stones and lathis. According to a spokesman of the Zoological Survey, the snake was unusually long. This type of cobra lives in paddy fields, he said.

BOMBAY—Production of submarines in India will be undertaken "fairly soon," it was announced at a seminar on "indigenous production of equipment for warships and the shipbuilding industry."

CALCUTTA—The recent discovery of a unique stone lintel, possibly of a Siva temple, near the ancient site of Karnasuvarna, the well-known capital of old Bengal, may throw light on architectural components and different aspects of religious toleration in the early periods of history in eastern India. The sculptured treasure, lately found by an excavation team, apparently lay unnoticed for many years in the courtyard of a farmer.

BANARES—About 1,000 Harijans switched over to the Buddhist faith at a simple conversion ceremony here. The conversions took place in Sarnath which, though within the Banaras municipal limits, is the ancient Buddhist city 10 miles away from the holy ghats on the Ganges. Hundreds of priests from almost all Buddhist countries came for the ceremony. A village tailor who was converted said, "We have been harrassed too long by caste Hindus; Buddhism seems a good way out."

MANPURA—Vast armies of giant rats have invaded Manpura island in Bangladesh. These monstrous marauders of crops, about the size of cats, have driven the island's cats out of Manpura. The rats have even challenged men.

MAY, 1973

Mainland China, 1973

By REG MURPHY

Reg Murphy, editor of The Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution, was a member of a group of press representatives given an opportunity to tour the People's Republic of China early this year. He wrote a series of articles which were published in the Constitution, and we believe they will be enjoyed by all CBIers. A portion of that series is reprinted here, and more will appear in our next issue.

Will Tourism Scale Great China Wall?

PEKING, China — A fur-hatted Chinaman looked through a loophole in the Great Wall the other day, drew an imaginary arrow and let fly at an unseen enemy on the mountain slope below.

The gesture was as romantic as the wall. The days when China could fight nothing more than a man-to-man war are gone; she has atomic capability. And the day when the Great Wall protected the Chinese from Mongolians to the north (and Russians on beyond) are just as gone.

The wall stands now as a crumbling serpentine, 4,000-mile monument to a simpler time.

And it stands as potentially the most important tourist site in the world. If the Chinese continue to open doors to foreigners, particularly those ubiquitous Americans, it will become the primary object of millions of travelers from around the world.

The Chinese are aware of the potential. "We rebuilt some of the wall so the tourists could see it in better condition," a guide said.

Originally, it was made of mud-bricks, rocks and plain mud. The lookout towers were not splendid castles in the air. They simply sheltered the lonely military sentries from the bitter cold of Mongolian winters and the sudden rage of invading hordes.

No cannon point from its battlements

now, and the loopholes have neither arrows nor rifles, but it remains one of the great monuments of military history.

The Chinese people have not made it into a shrine of any kind, but they come to look and be edified by it. Many also climb on it. Soldiers seem to be fascinated. They were at every battlement, on every slope, always looking to the faraway hills like lone sentries on brutal slopes.

Chairman Mao Tse-tung had said, "Those who haven't reached the Great Wall can't claim themselves as men of great value." On a bitter January day, it was reached not only by tourists but by men hauling great blocks of stone on horse-drawn carts.

Red-faced with the cold and bent from labor, the peasants urged the shaggy animals up the steep inclines to some mission that never seemed clear. Yet, they were on the route that someday will be jammed by millions of tourists.

What guarantees the success of the Great Wall—if any surety is needed—is the proximity of the Ming Tombs. They are only a 30-minute drive from the Great Wall. Underground burial places for the dead Ming emperors hold treasures of crowns, gold plate and porcelain.

It is, however, their ideological points which the Chinese hope visitors will remember. The arched stone mausoleum which has been excavated took 65 million working days over six years to build. It is so elaborate it contains not merely the burial room for Young Lo, the Ming emperor, and not only the burial vaults and effects of his first and second wives, but two separate vaults for his concubines.

It not only cost eight million ounces of silver to build; it also cost six years of work by 30,000 men (who were not paid for their labors). The Maoists point to a plaque on the wall which shows that seven different peasant uprisings had to be defeated by

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the Ming dynasty to keep the work going.

The beauty of the tombs and their handsome above-ground superstructures is deemed interesting, but to the Chinese government this stands as a monument to the waste of human energies which could better have gone into the production of food and fiber for hungry peasants.

When the tourists come, as they surely will, that message will be hammered home on every guided tour.

China's Arts and Crafts Flourishing

PEKING, China—The Cultural Revolution closed universities, ruined careers, changed leadership—but it had almost no effect on Chinese arts and crafts.

"For a short time our factory was interrupted, when we were influenced by the counter-revolutionary line, but we were back in business in a short time," said Pan Chen-yuan, vice chairman of the revolutionary committee which runs the Peking Arts and Crafts Factory.

Factory may be a strange word for the place. It has about 1,270 workers busy carving ivory and jade, painting the inside of three-inch bottles, creating filigrees of all kinds and colors, even creating traditional Chinese paintings. They are skilled technicians, earning an average of one-third more pay than workers in traditional industries.

"Our attitude is to inherit, develop and sell traditional items," Pan said.

Some "unhealthy" articles nevertheless were dropped from the line when China went through the revolutionary political upheavals of the late 1960's.

For example, "We no longer produce figurines of the royal concubine coming out of the bath, since such bourgeois activities are out of favor," Pan said.

For a little while in the Cultural Revolution, the artisans even stopped producing butterfly carvings because they were not "realistic," Pan said.

When they are left alone—as they seem to be now—the craftsmen bend over their tiny figures in tense concentration. Many work only from rough

pencil sketches. A pigtailed young girl painting the inside of a tiny bottle said she sometimes works two weeks on the same scene. She uses tiny hair brushes which must be inserted into the narrow neck of the bottle and then painted onto the walls.

In other rooms, craggy-faced craftsmen allowed their glasses to slip over the bridges of their nose as they ground jade or cut into ivory to produce figurines.

Not much of their work stays home, however. Pan said almost all the production is exported to some 90 countries.

Unlike American firms, the factory has no salesmen. It turns all its products over to an export trade corporation which is responsible for getting orders.

In fact, Pan said, nobody tells his workers what to produce. They do what they can and expect others to sell it.

Some already has begun to trickle into the United States, but more is sure to be coming in the next few years.

The Man Who Saves His Money

SIAN, China—Poor country. Starving. No savings. Desperation. Cave dwellings. Those are the images that play on the screens in our heads, flickering now and then with the recognition of an old picture, an old idea.

The truth is less desperate. Men and women both work. They get grandmother to take care of the kids. They live frugally. And surprisingly, they save money.

Take a fellow named Yeh Chin, an American specialist at Hsinhua, the state owned news agency in China. An engaging extroverted, boyishly interested man of 32, he makes the rest of us look like spendthrifts.

He is married, and his 28-year-old wife works at the same news agency as a translator. They have a two-year-old son—"my little devil," Yeh calls him. The maternal grandmother lives with them and takes care of the son.

Yeh makes 65 yuan a month, about \$30. His wife makes 56 yuan a month,

about \$25. That's a total of 121 yuan a month.

Listen to where the money goes every month:

Food costs 40 yuan (\$18).

Rent costs 3 yuan (\$1.30), since it is a cooperative apartment owned by Hsinhua. (Workers generally are provided low-rent apartments by their co-operatives.

Son costs 10 yuan (\$4.50) for clothes, etc.

Daily necessities cost 10 yuan (\$4.50) for things like getting his bike repaired, etc.

Movies and other entertainment are shown at the agency where he works, but he spends a trifling amount on entertainment.

And every month Yeh takes 40 yuan (\$18) to deposit in the bank and draw four per cent interest.

The saving amounts to one third of the income he and his wife realize.

Even a nose American journalist finally loses his nerve and does not push on the total of the savings account. It is clear that it is substantial.

To be sure, most of this is being set aside for consumer goods Yeh and his family want to acquire in the near future. A bike will cost 150 yuan (\$70) and a watch will cost around 110 yuan (\$50). Those are things Yeh wishes to acquire.

On the other hand, he is not trying to set up a life insurance program. "City people get their bodies burned up. It does not cost more than a few yuan," he said.

Nor does he feel that his wife and child would be starving if something happened. The agency, like all Chinese economic endeavors, would make adjustments to take care of his family.

Yeh and many other simply seem to have the urge to conserve, to make do, to prepare for more consumer goods. It is not uncommon to hear of Chinese who have been in a Communist country for 23 years saving up to 1,200 yuan (\$550).

In the meantime, he does not have to earn a fortune. There is no inflation. "Any increase in wages will be an increase in actual buying power, because prices don't go up," he said.

It gives you pause to think he is saving one-third of his salary. It gives

you more pause to think what self-denial that means now.

The Girl Who Lives Away From Home

OUTSIDE SIAN, China—A broad smile revealed perfectly even white teeth when Ken Chui-ting thought about the question: Did she have a boyfriend?

Yes, she said, she had a husband. Children? Yes, a son two years old. Is he a little devil? "He is very mischievous."

Mrs. Ken is 25. She lives in a dormitory at the Number One Northwest Cotton Textile Mill an hour's drive from Sian. She works at a loom in the mill.

Her husband is a bookkeeper. She goes to see him in Sian every second Sunday when she has a "long weekend," or two days off.

Her son lives with her mother, his grandmother, in a village near the cotton mill. She visits him "almost every day."

Family life is like that in much of China. Before she got transferred to this textile mill she lived 217 miles from either family or husband or son.

"I like it much better here," she said. "When I worked in the silk mill I wished to move near my husband and my family. Now my wish is granted."

It wouldn't seem like much of an improvement to many Westerners. It would be at least like a separation. Family life has come apart at the seams in the United States with much less absenteeism. Divorce would seem preordained.

But divorce seems to be a negligible. In one district in Peking where 52,000 people (14,000 family units) live, there were only 100 divorces last year.

If Mrs. Ken's family life seems barren, her living conditions are not luxury, either. The room she lives in contains no more room than a two-person college dormitory room. The floor is concrete. The bed is hard. The room was chilly, and no heating apparatus seemed available.

All her life, this round-faced girl with short black hair and clear, intelli-

gent eyes has moved from one place to another. Her father was a railway worker and the family was transferred frequently.

The pain—if there is any—does not show to a foreigner. "I set aside time every day to study a little. Besides the articles of Chairman Mao, I read some novels," she said.

The food in the cafeteria provided by the factory is good, as I can attest, and the performance of a musical group at the plant was attractively staged.

There are more than 3,500 workers in the textile mill. Most of them live at the plant. At least one dormitory full of girls live apart from their families.

If that amounts to the breakup of the traditional Chinese family—well, Mrs. Ken wasn't complaining about it the day the foreigners came with their cameras and their prying questions.

The City That Sins Not Much More

SHANGHAI, China—They claim this was the wickedest city in Asia. The taxi dolls and their seamen friends, the gilded singing girls in their slit skirts, the gangsters in their bullet-proof automobiles—they are the legends.

Down at the Bund, where the Huang Pu and Wu Song rivers converge and make a great port filled with ships and junks, there is an infamous park. It was controlled by the British and a sign at the entrance said: "No dogs or Chinese allowed."

Today the park was filled with Chinese. But there were no entrancing girls. No dogs were in sight; neither was a sign forbidding them. Shanghai, the city of such fabulous wealth, has not one car today owned by an individual.

The site of the founding of the Chinese Communist Party in 1921, Shanghai today is what China may become in the years to come. So it is worth comparing to the other cities.

It is brighter, more optimistic, more European. The people don't make you think of beasts of burden like the poor wretches hauling their carts through Canton or Sian. They seem to smile more and stroll more.

Clothing certainly is brighter. In Peking or other Northern cities, there is a unisex style. Everybody wears padded jackets, two or three layers of trousers, and it all is either dark blue or khaki. Women in Shanghai wear bright patterned or plaid jackets and figured red scarves.

The best of the old China hands, Edgar Snow, said in the old days in Shanghai he saw "the beggars on every downtown block and the scabby infants urinating or defecating on the curb while mendicant mothers absently scratched for lice."

Beggars don't exist on these streets, and the children look relatively clean and well-fed.

The brightest touch a handful of Americans found in an exploration here was a pie shop. That's right, lemon meringue pie. It can be had on Nanking Street, famous in the old days as the fabulous center for buying silks and furs.

The closest object to opulence to be found today is a table cigarette lighter about five inches tall on sale in Nanking Road. The most modern development may be a health food store.

But this is written in the Peace Hotel, once the Cathay Hotel built by Victor Sassoon and the home of the famous bar and night club. It still is splendid, with good plumbing (a blessing in China) and excellent cuisine. To be sure, the guests seem to be French and German, and there are not many at all. The ones who come get good service.

Old-timers maintain that the sailors who come into this busy port will turn its head toward sin again someday. They say that too much memory of gambling and prostitution and big tips remain.

Without passing judgment on that, it is clear that Shanghai is leading wherever China is going. It is headed right now toward much more of a consumer society. Beauty parlors haven't opened to coif the women and many of the men are walking around in multi-patched pants, but this city is not a grim, unrelieved monolith.

Perhaps the real question is what does the government want to create here. Shanghai has splashes of color

and—almost—excitement for the residents. It would have a very hard time stopping all that.

Chang Observes His Own Operation

SHANGHAI, China — Forty-year-old Chang Tsung-hsi had two needles in his left foot, two in his abdomen and two in his back. He lay on the operating table, his flat belly swabbed with a faintly pink antiseptic.

Dr. Ho Hsiao-chih leaned over him, got a scalpel slapped into his hand by one of the five other masked medical attendants, and made a six-inch cut through the abdominal wall.

Chang b'inked. His left toes twitched. A nurse touched his forehead, murmured something to him. He squinted, said nothing.

With speed and grace the doctors tied off the blood vessels severed by the cut, and the little light that signaled the intensity of the mild electrical currents being shot into Chang through the needles flashed more rapidly.

His abdomen open, his stomach exposed, Chang had his abdominal cavity explored by the right hand of Dr. Ho. Satisfied, the doctor severed 80 per cent of Chang's stomach, the part ruined by ulcers. It had taken 53 minutes, from 9:15 a.m. to 10:08 a.m., for the crucial part of the operation to be performed.

As the doctors began to sew him up, reporters asked how he felt. Through an interpreter he said there was "some discomfort" when Dr. Ho explored his abdominal cavity. He was "fine now."

He expected to go back to his job in a steel mill "in half a month." His pulse rate remained 80—not even enough to indicate he was frightened.

Chang is one of about 30 per cent of the Hsinhua Hospital patients who receive needle anesthesia, rather than chemical sleep. Needle anesthesia is 14 years old; it is an offshoot of acupuncture, which has a written history of 2,200 years. Until after the Communists took power, the skilled use of hot and cold needles was used to treat disease, but not to kill pain during

operations. Now it is being used widely.

Doctors at Hsinhua (New China) Hospital claim Chang will have only half as much pain as if he had received chemical anesthesia, and that he will recover more quickly.

Not every patient can get good results from needle anesthesia. A surgeon said it would be bad for children, for example. Some adults are unable to relax under such treatment. There always are tests to make sure the needles have worked their painless magic before the incisions are made.

The emphasis in China now is on treatment in a hurry. Once it took doctors six years of training to be certificated; now it takes three. Many more hospitals are running schools as part of their everyday activities.

Breakthroughs apparently are coming. Cataracts are a common problem for old persons, and new treatment has been devised. A needle to freeze the cataract and extract it was developed at Hsinhua. And Dr. Lu Tao-yen showed visitors how to remove the thick, cloudy cataract membrane from in front of the pupil of the eye and drop it to the bottom of the eyeball so it no longer obstructs vision.

It is medicine for the masses—the workers, peasants and soldiers that Chairman Mao Tse-tung said must be treated first.

China Stops The Poison

SHANGHAI—China has more moral uplift than a Baptist Sunday School. Posters everywhere exhort the peasants and workers to do right by their fellowman.

Churches are not in evidence, though our hosts insist there are some. Interpreters ask repeatedly about church habits, notes of interest and skepticism in their voices.

There is more self-denial here than the pilgrims had. It isn't possible to lose anything. I dropped a comb somewhere one day, and it was lying in my seat of the car the next morning. Other members of our party deliberately left things behind, only to have them show up.

For example, a used flash cube was

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left in a hotel room. A little boy came dashing up to hand it to the picture-shooter who left it.

There is more ambition to build a team here than George Allen has for the Washington Redskins—and almost more worship of Chairman Mao Tse-tung as a coach.

Think of the nation as the Super Bowl contenders for a minute. This society is teaching everybody to sublimate his own personal ambitions to the needs and good of the whole. The concept of individual rights as spelled out in the U.S. Bill of Rights has absolutely no meaning in this society. The group is more important.

And this society has more energy and chatter than the Harlem Globetrotters. Loudspeakers and posters go all day and into the night urging everybody to continue the cultural revolution and work hard.

The result of all this is an intensely moral, vigorous society opposed to sloth or vulgarity.

"What would happen if I threw this soda pop bottle out the car window?" I asked the guide one day outside Peking on a country road.

"We would stop the car, it would be returned to you, and you would be severely criticized," he said with not a trace of a smile.

Sloth doesn't bug the Chinese as badly as immoral conduct. No lovers stroll hand-in-hand in the streets. On stage the most dramatic boy-girl confrontation is a handshake. A kiss like a wife gives her husband when she drops him off at work? Immm-possible.

Not only are pornographic books considered bad. "Wrong" ideas in book form are just as bad. A top editor of the Hsinhua news agency called them "poisonous weeds" which must be stamped out.

Crime news as we know it does not exist. The People's Daily in Peking and the other papers around the country print political news, mainly of visiting delegations. An air crash gets no space, murder is not mentioned, comics are poisonous weeds and sports apparently get no coverage.

Drugs? Since that day in 1950 when Chairman Mao was ready, there apparently have been no drugs. The

addicts were cut off cold turkey, and it seems unthinkable to the Chinese we have met that any heroin or opium or pot could be on the market now.

Having noted all this, I am tempted to conclude: "I have seen the future of China and it is death by boredom."

The description certainly must give that impression. When I first got here, I really did think so.

A little time and study has made me wary of that conclusion. The vigor and enthusiasm for shared work, achieved goals and rewards for the children to come seem to hold the country together.

Hidden demands and covered desires surely will become more urgent in time. Chairman Mao will have to "let a hundred flowers bloom" again to ease the aches of the spirit and flesh.

But this society comes close to having sublimated the hungers for adventure and excitement into a team spirit. In its own way, it is very impressive.

Suburbanite in A Chinese Village

MIN HANG, China—Ma Ching-yan could be your suburban neighbor. He has his doctorate in electrical engineering from the University of Liverpool and was in the Westinghouse plant in Pittsburgh in 1946-47 before moving on. He is the chief engineer for an 8,000 worker electric machinery manufacturing plant.

Moreover, his wife commutes 20 miles a day into the city to carry on her medical practice. They live out here by choice, rather than in one of the world's largest cities, Shanghai. Ma speaks English as well as many of us only a little quieter.

The principal thing wrong with this picture of a Westerner in the drab work clothes of the East is that Ma missed the point of life.

Looking out at the world through dark lenses as thick as Coke bottle chose the life he leads, and seems to believe the rest of the world has bottoms, Ma explained that he came back here even while the civil war was raging. He watched Chiang Kai-

shek's Koumintang fall to the Communists and was glad.

He went to work in a little "lane factory"—something like a shade-tree mechanic in the American South. Eventually it grew into a plant manufacturing 300,000 kilowatt turbo-generators.

Shanghai meanwhile was growing too fast. The city fathers decided to build a set of satellite towns. This one was constructed in 1958, to serve the electric machinery plant and three other big ones: heavy machinery, boiler and power plants.

There are seven of these new towns in a rough arc around Shanghai. Nobody seems totally convinced they held down Shanghai's population, but several Chinese said they would prefer to live here surrounded by green communal farms and involved in small-town activities.

In the bicycle store at the town's main intersection, there are two kinds of equipment. One is for regular town riding. The other has shock absorbers to soak up the bumps. "That one is for country riding," a guide explained.

Ma gets to work on the ordinary kind of bicycle. His job is to set up production. He has no other management responsibilities.

For his technical expertise, Ma is the highest paid man in the plant at 285 yuan (\$130) per month. "I don't care much for the material side," he said. Hard to believe? Of course, but it is the message the Chinese hear all day from their own leaders.

For example, a bulletin board in the plant noted that the Spring festival was coming in a few days. Once Chinese families had bought many presents and spent a lot of money on the festival. Now the efforts to turn that around resulted in an American-advertising type slogan:

"Change Old Customs. Spend a Revolutionized Spring Festival."

An engineer happy in this atmosphere? Ma said so, and one is inclined to believe him. He has been a member of the Communist Party for 10 years, and he had to make an effort to be admitted.

Taxes, Cars, Skirts— China Has None

CANTON, China—What China does not have is as fascinating as what she has.

There are no lawyers, nor courts for any to try cases in. The law is administered by authorities, and generally the punishment is not contestable.

Television has made absolutely no impact on the average Chinese. Sets are not available in most neighborhoods, and are not in many hotels. The highest rate of viewing by anybody we found was in a kindergarten here—"two or three nights a week from 6:30 to 8:30," the director said.

Personal income taxes don't exist, either. About the only tax any private citizen pays is an annual 90-cent bicycle tag fee in the cities. (Tags are free in the countryside, a la the late Georgia Gov. Gene Talmadge's \$3 tag for the farmers.)

What taxes do exist are those paid by the communes and collectives. Usually they are a fixed rate, and anything the group makes over that is free to keep for distribution to members or for buying new equipment.

Private cars simply are not allowed. A Shanghai motor works turns out several hundred grey, four-door sedans of middle size a year, but they are kept in motor pools to ferry visitors like visiting journalists. The drivers place one hand on the steering wheel, the other on the horn ring, and it is the hand on the horn which gets tired first. They blow at bicycle riders mostly.

(Every time the drivers took a car over an elevated country bridge they took the dead center, went up the blind ramp with the horn honking, and frightened the wits out of visitors.)

If you're looking for a bar, Mac, forget it. The Chinese idea of drinking is to sip colorless, awful-tasting maotai in their own homes. They give visitors an endless variety of beer, never serving water at meals.

(The Chinese word for beer is "pijiu," and for a shop or restaurant "shang dian." A visitor began to joke about visiting a "pijiu shang dian." It invariably brought a giggling laugh from the hosts, for their society has

no such thing as a beer hall.)

Theft? Not here. In Hanchow, one of the two best-known resort areas of the nation, the hotel hall porter looked blank when somebody tried to signal for a room key. There are no room keys: everybody is assumed to be honest. (One exception: Most Chinese lock their bicycles when they park them on the sidewalks.)

Underground newspapers or books don't seem to exist. Guides have heard of them in Russia and the West, but nobody here admits to ever having seen such a thing since the cultural revolution of the late 1960s.

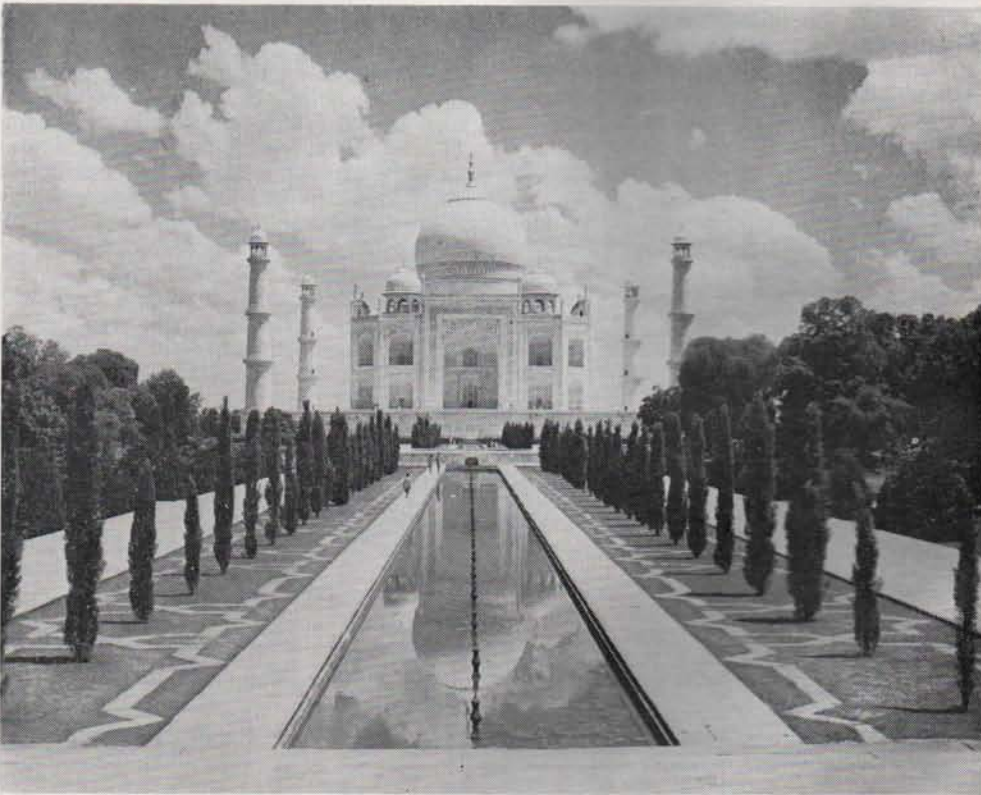
Written opposition to the government is unheard-of these days. A book attacking the government would be denounced, a newsman said, as "a poisonous weed." The author would be

criticized severely, and worse punishment might follow.

Orphanages don't exist. All orphaned children are placed with young couples who more or less adopt them. Likewise, homes for the aged have been abolished. Younger families take them in, apparently being paid a subsidy for taking care of the elderly.

Finally, and most painfully, it is my sad duty to report that skirts do not exist in China in the wintertime. Every woman wears slacks, or a version of the pant suit. The clothing is so loose and bulky that there is no possibility of knowing whether Chinese women are pleasingly shaped.

To be more specific, never once could I be sure that a woman was pregnant. The clothes are that shapeless.



ALWAYS a top attraction in India, the Taj Mahal at Agra looked like this in 1945. Photo from Floyd B. McCoy.

MAY, 1973

Commander's Message

by

Reg C. Jones
National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.



Bea and I continue to travel throughout our grand country to visit grand people . . . CBIers. Our latest trip took us to the fertile fields of "Beautiful Ohio" to attend the Ohio State meeting held in Dayton on March 30th and 31st. I, frankly, was surprised at the large attendance! Approximately 75 members and friends from many different states attended. Frank Breyer, the transplanted Ohioan, returned to the scene of his many crimes, and Past Commander Bob Nesmith joined us to represent Texas. Sr. Vice Commander C. H. Smith and his lovely Blanche were there, National Adjutant-Finance Officer Bill Krohn and Peggy, Mary Kopplin, Past National Commander Al Frankel and Irma, National Service Officer Leroy Tallman and Louise, Ed Krause and Evelyn, Jr. Vice Commander James Brown and Sally, and Mickey Dawson were also among the out-of-staters in attendance.

Mickey and Ralph Hunt had a lovely cocktail-buffet party in their home Saturday afternoon for the early arrivers from out-of-state, and several of us who arrived the day before feasted at Dayton's well-known Mill House Restaurant. During a deluge of rain Saturday morning, we made our way to the Air Museum at Wright-Patterson. It was great seeing all of the WWII planes and reminiscing with some of

the "ole" CBI flyers . . . Bob Nesmith and C. H. Smith!

Many thanks to Ohio State Commander Ed Berendt, Miami Valley Basha Commander Ralph Hunt and Vice Commander Tracey Oehlbeck and to all the members and wives who did all the work that is attendant to a successful dinner-meeting at the Willows Party House. This state meeting had an added bonus for me as it gave me an opportunity to visit my Yankee brother, Garland, and his wife, Wren, who live in Fairborn, Ohio.

On April 7th, we drove to Nacogdoches, Texas, to attend our own Texas State Meeting. It was a delightful affair and was well attended by Texans from San Antonio, Dallas, Lockhart, Tyler, Longview, Houston and Fort Worth. State Commander Ed Mai, National Jr. Vice Commander Earl Culm and their working committee did a fine job of putting this all together. Julius Lang, the first Houston Basha Commander, spoke to us and gave us some interesting observations. Garland Christian and Blain Haney of Dallas, and Bea Jones, my better half, entertained, a la country and western, poolside after the dinner meeting. I also **heard** (shhhhhh) the late meeting of the National Swim Team, and I know that they will make a full report to their national officers, Harry Davis, Maple Shade, New Jersey, and Bill Godfrey of Las Vegas, Nevada.

We are now looking forward to the All East Meeting scheduled April 28th in Moorestown, New Jersey and to our Spring Board Meeting to be held May 4-5 in St. Charles, Illinois. I hope to see you then!!

1973 CBI Reunion
at Milwaukee

Aug. 1-2-3-4
Marc Plaza Towers

If you are not currently a member of
CBIVA write for all the details.

CBIVA Reunion '73
P.O. Box 1848
Milwaukee, Wi. 53201

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"LADY IRMA II," is the name of this P-51 on the air base at Chihkiang, China, near the end of World War II. Photo by Stan Kosanchuk.

Sylvester A. Winter

● Sylvester A. Winter died July 7, 1971, at LaSueur, Minn., and was buried in Fort Snelling National Cemetery. Survivors include his wife, the former Bernice Schmitt, two daughters and a son. He served with the 235th Medical Dispensary Aviation in World War II in Oran, Africa; India and China. He was employed by the city of LaSueur until his retirement in 1970.

SIDNEY GONDROU,
Loreauville, La.

Walter (Tiger) Lyons

● Walter (Tiger) Lyons of Loveland, Ohio, who served with Merrill's Marauders in CBI, died March 17, 1973, at his home. Survivors include his wife, the former Virginia Lyons, and three sisters. A brother, the late George Lyons, was another member of the Marauders. "Tiger" was a ring name used by Lyons during his youth when he was one of the leading fight contenders in the midwest. He was a member of the infantry, and took part in the battle of Guadalcanal,

before becoming a volunteer Marauder. To all Marauders, he will continue to be a real "CBI Tiger."

RICHARD H. POPPE,
Loveland, Ohio

84th HQ Squadron

● Was attached to the 84th Hq. Squadron, Bangalore, India, and wonder if any other boys from that squadron subscribe to Ex-CBI Roundup.

A. E. LUNDGREN,
Rochelle Park, N.J.

44th Bomb Squadron

● Am a former member of the 44th Bomb Squadron (VH), 40th Bomb Group, 58th Wing, XX Bomber Command and served in India and China with that organization in 1944-45. I would like to contact Corp. George M. Hyde, SN 311-85263, 44th Bomb Squadron (B-29); Col. Joseph Schaaf (or Schoff); and the sergeant who helped the colonel remove an injured man from the area of bomb accident. Would also like to hear from 44th Squadron and 40th Group personnel.

S. B. STIPULKOSKI,
407 East 2nd Street,
Pass Christian, Miss.



PERSONNEL of the 124th Cavalry, Mars Task Force, in air-drop storage area, somewhere in Burma. Photo by Dwight M. Burkham.

China-Burma-India Veterans Ass'n Silver Anniversary Reunion MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Schedule of Events

TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1973

Early Bird Special Events

ORGANIZED TOUR OF CITY: Includes Mitchell Park Conservatory Domes and Frank Lloyd Wright's Church of the Annunciation. Approximate cost \$3.50. If sufficient interest shown, bus can be chartered at special rate.

TOUR OF MILWAUKEE HARBOR: Ship Iroquois will take you down Milwaukee River into Lake Michigan, a ninety minute ride. (This trip included as Youth function.) Cost is \$1.50.

A VISIT TO HOLY HILL: A nationally recognized landmark shrine just 25 miles outside the city in beautiful setting. Tour on your own, or if there is sufficient interest a bus can be chartered at nominal cost.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1973

9:30 a.m.-12:00 p.m.—Tour of Milwaukee's New Zoological Gardens. Advance reservations requested.

1:00 p.m.-4:00 p.m.—Wilkommen by Milwaukee's Brewing Industry. Shuttle Service at frequent intervals; includes brewery tour. Quaff the beers that make Milwaukee famous.

8:00 p.m.-?:00 p.m.—Milwaukee's Night of Gemutlichkeit. Includes music, beer, food, entertainment.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1973

8:00 a.m.-9:00 a.m.—Breakfast with the Mahoning Valley Basha.

12:00 p.m.-4:00 p.m.—Past Commanders Luncheon at landmark Wisconsin Club. Courtyard Musical Treat by Waa Mie Drum and Bugle Corps from Chinatown, Chicago. Memorial Service at Mac Arthur Court.

6:00 p.m.-?:00 p.m.—Traditional Puja Parade. Everyone in Native Costume. Possible participation by Chicago's Golden Dragon. Visit the Streets of Old Milwaukee—Cocktail party, dutch treat affair. Dinner and Entertainment. Hospitality Night Hosting.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1973

1:30 p.m.-?:00 p.m.—CBI Reunions Revisited with Bob Nesmith.

Recollections of Reunion '72 with Jim and Sally Brown.

6:30 p.m.-7:30 p.m.—Dutch treat cocktail party in East Room.

7:30 p.m.-?:00 p.m.—Commanders Banquet and Ball in Grand Ballroom. Dance to Jerry Blake's "Glen Miller" Music.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1973

2:00 p.m.-?:00 p.m.—CBIVA Family Picnic at Washington Park.

Swimming—Tennis—Boating—Games.

A tantalizing Spanferkel Dinner.

8:00 p.m.-?:00 p.m.—Musical Salute to CBIVA—Blatz Temple of Music.

10:00 p.m.-?:00 a.m.—Hospitality Night Hosting.

YOUTH ACTIVITIES: * Ice Skating and Swimming at Wilson Park * Youth Banquet * Boat Ride Aboard the Iroquois * Swim Party at the Doucettes * Youth Dance. Also includes attendance at some of the adult functions.